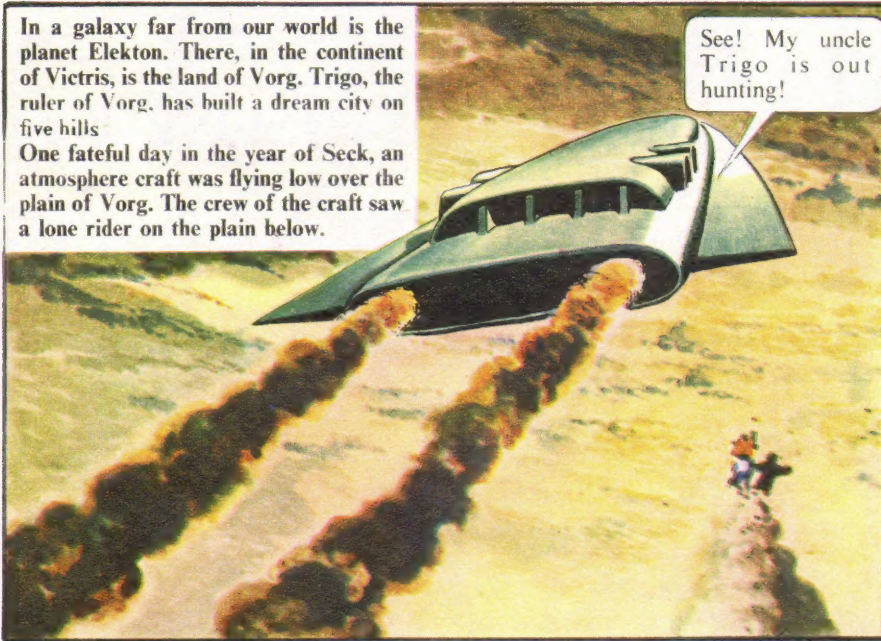


The great Trigo makes a perfect kill on the plain of Vorg—a kill like the days of old!

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

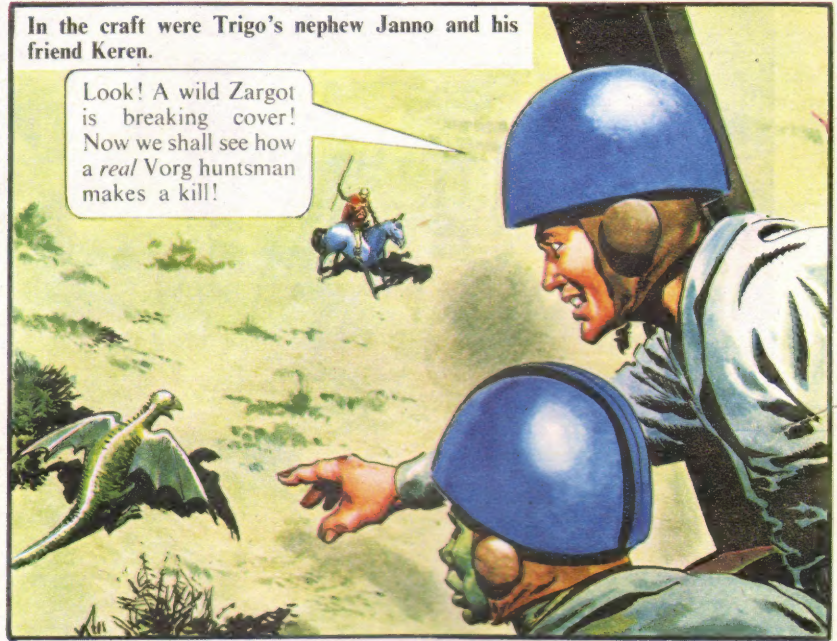
In a galaxy far from our world is the planet Elekton. There, in the continent of Victris, is the land of Vorg. Trigo, the ruler of Vorg, has built a dream city on five hills.

One fateful day in the year of Seck, an atmosphere craft was flying low over the plain of Vorg. The crew of the craft saw a lone rider on the plain below.



In the craft were Trigo's nephew Janno and his friend Keren.

Look! A wild Zargot is breaking cover! Now we shall see how a real Vorg huntsman makes a kill!



Down on the plain a thrilling duel commenced, as Trigo pitted his skill and courage against the most savage creature on the planet Elekton.



Narrowly escaping the sweeping talons of the giant beast, Trigo drove his spear forward.



When the boys landed their craft, the ruler of Vorg was standing in triumph over the fallen Zargot.



For a while, the three of them discussed the art of hunting. And then suddenly—the sky was rent by a searing flash of light!



After a while, the disturbance ceased, and Trigo swung himself astride his kreed.





Riding hard, Trigo reached the city within the hour. And he was greeted at the gates by the wise old Peric.

My Lord! You must have seen the disturbance in the sky. A terrible thing has happened!

Tell me, Peric.

Peric took his master to his laboratory on the roof of the palace . . . and there he gave him the awful news.

Here is a model of our galaxy, my lord. You see the twin moons Seres and Gallas . . .

Yes . . . go on . . .

What you observed was a collision between Seres and Gallas which has resulted in Gallas being thrown off its orbit . . . My lord, if my hasty calculations are correct, Gallas is now heading for our planet, and will shortly collide with it!

Trigo was no scientist, but his keen mind quickly came to grips with the heart of the matter.

There is no question of such a small moon as Gallas destroying Elekton, but it will cause a great devastation. Exactly where will it strike Elekton, Peric?

Ah, my lord. That is what I must calculate . . . and it will take some little time!

The collision in space did not go unobserved in the state of Loka. News was brought to the tyrant King Zorth of Loka by a group of terrified scientists.

Where and when will Gallas strike Elekton? Speak, you grovelling fools!

Twenty of the most brilliant mathematicians of Loka are working day and night on that problem, all-highest. We will soon bring the answer to your question.

In the vast astronomical laboratories of Loka, the mathematicians slaved at their stupendous calculations. And presently . . .

I have it! I have the answer!

The chief scientist of Loka took one look at the result . . .

No! It cannot be true!

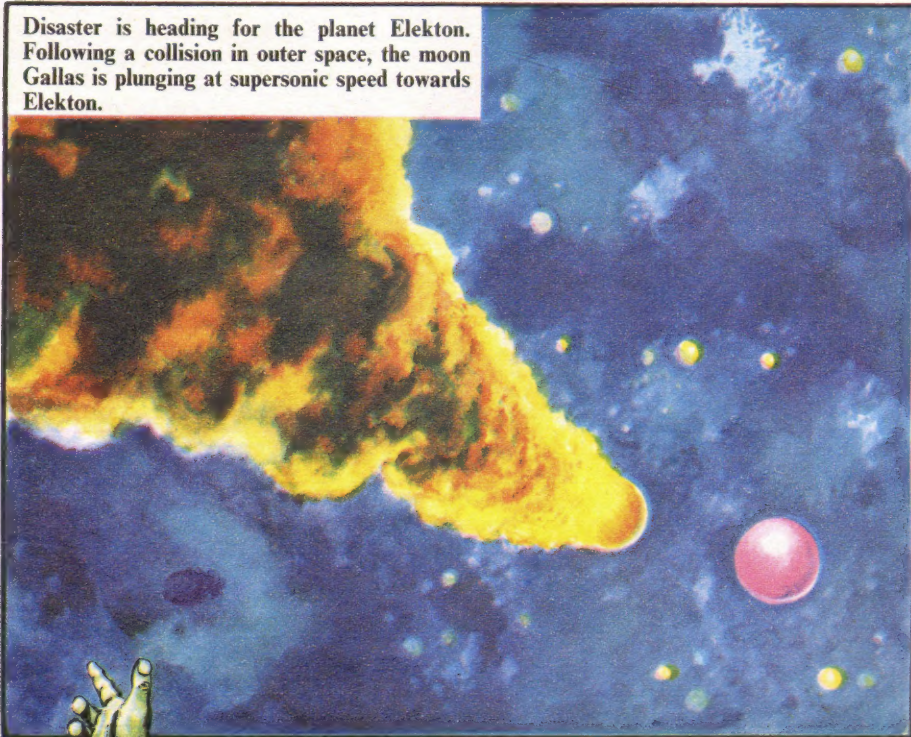
What ill news has the Chief Scientist learned of the disaster approaching the planet?



The tyrant Zorth plans a mass invasion of Trigan—without firing a single shot!

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Disaster is heading for the planet Elekton. Following a collision in outer space, the moon Gallas is plunging at supersonic speed towards Elekton.



In the palace of Zorth, the tyrant King of Loka, terrified scientists prostrated themselves before his throne.

Well, you craven fools, have you discovered where and when Gallas will strike Elekton? Speak, you doddering curs!

All-highest . . . I tremble to tell you . . .



The spokesman stammered out the terrible news.

Gallas will collide at the sixth hour in twenty-eight days time, All-highest. And it will land here . . . on Loka!

Wha-a-a-t? You dare tell me this?



The tyrant rose in towering fury.

Summon my captains at once! But first, take away these curs who have brought me the news of this disaster—and eliminate them!



Presently the leaders of Zorth's armed forces were gathered before their feared ruler.

Twenty-eight days from now, Loka will cease to exist. It is my intention to move the entire population of my country to Trigan!

But, all-highest, since our defeat at the hands of the people of Trigan, we have not the war-equipment to carry out such an operation!



King Zorth leered cunningly at his chief captain, Yottu.

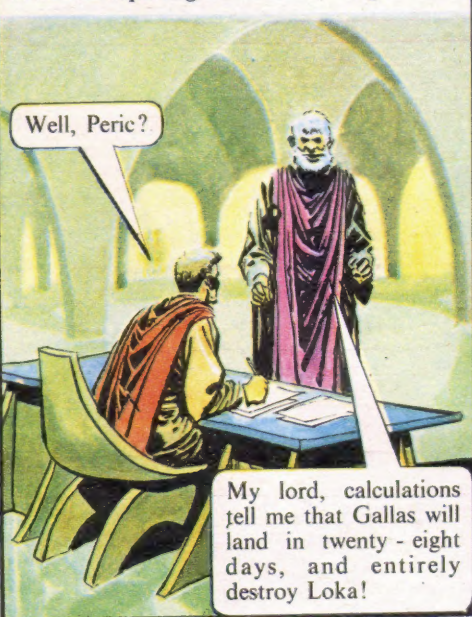
We shall go in peace to Trigan, Yottu. At least so it will seem . . .

Aha! So you have a plan, all-highest?



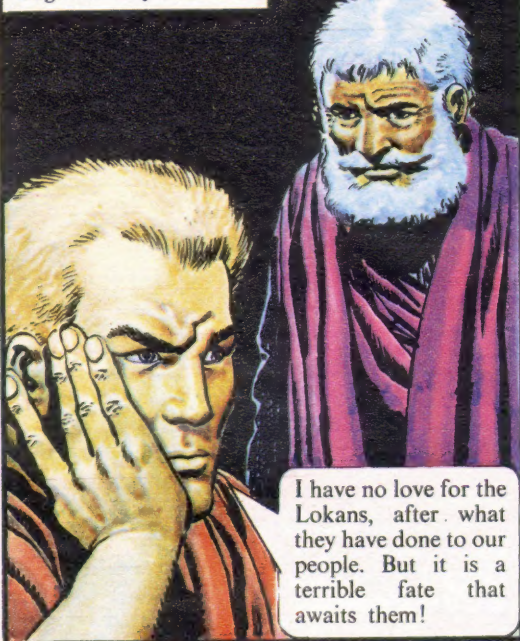


Meanwhile, in the city of Trigan, the wise old Peric was reporting to his master Trigo.

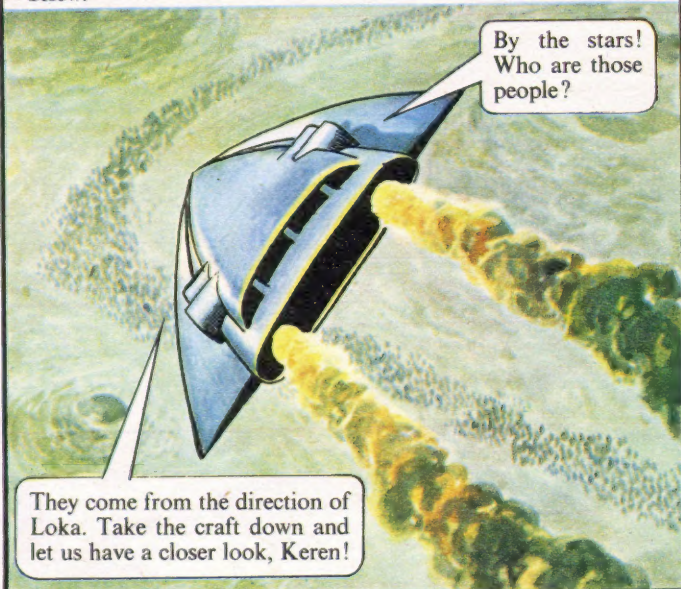


My lord, calculations tell me that Gallas will land in twenty-eight days, and entirely destroy Loka!

Trigo's fine eyes clouded.



Two days later, one of the atmosphere scouts from Trigan was out on patrol, when the crew saw a multitude of people on the plain below.



They come from the direction of Loka. Take the craft down and let us have a closer look, Keren!

In the craft were Trigo's nephew Janno and his friend Keren.



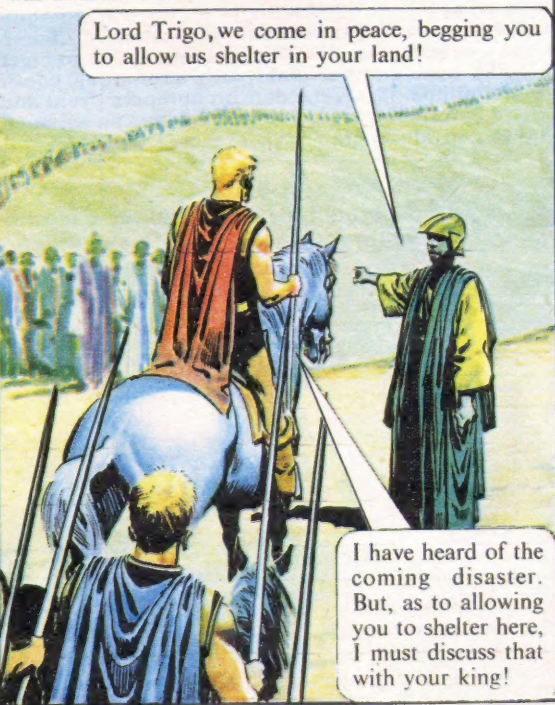
And by their numbers, the entire Lokan nation!

As the craft swept low, the vast multitude of people raised their arms in the universal gesture of surrender.



None of them carry weapons. What does it mean?

Within the hour, Trigo had ridden out to meet the oncoming horde. He came face to face with Yottu, who was at their head.



I have heard of the coming disaster. But, as to allowing you to shelter here, I must discuss that with your king!

Yottu shook his head grimly.

That will not be possible, my lord. Today, we deposed the tyrant who has long oppressed Loka, and eliminated him. We are a different people now, my lord. You can trust us!



In the rear ranks of the multitude, a man watched and listened, and his hand closed over the hilt of a weapon hidden under his rags.



It was King Zorth... and he was very much alive!

.. If Trigo lets in the multitude his empire will surely crumble before the treacherous Lokans!



# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Disaster is heading for the planet Elekton. The moon Gallas is due to collide with the planet and destroy Loka. The warlike and treacherous Lokans flee their country and beg the ruler Trigo to let them shelter in his land . . .

For a long time Trigo pondered, and at length he made his decision.



The multitude of the Lokans went on their way. Trigo's brother Brag watched them, and growled savagely.



King Zorth was far from dead. He was disguised as a beggar, and hidden among the women and children.



The weary Lokans trudged into Trigo's fabulous city, where they were given food by the kindly Trigans.



The Lokans took the food . . .



Later, the disguised King Zorth sidled up to his captain.



At midnight, the bored sentry at the gates of Trigo's Palace was thinking longingly of his bed . . .



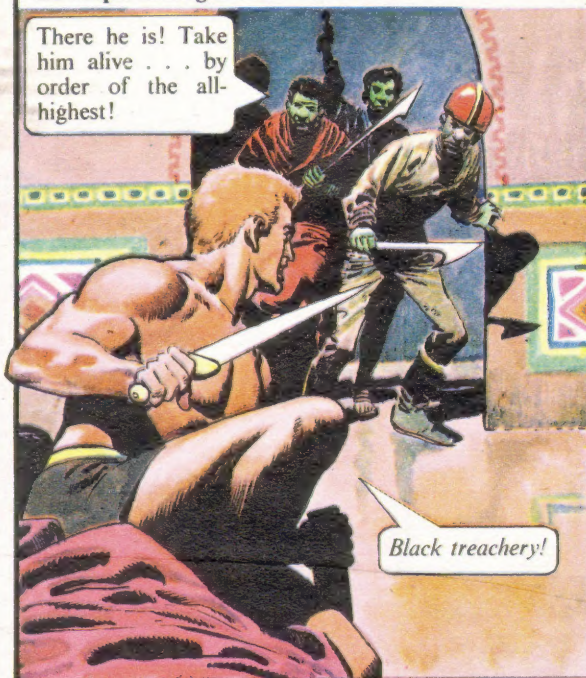


The felling of the sentry was the signal for an assault upon the palace. The Lokans produced their hidden weapons, and drove all before them.



Trigo was awakened by the crash of gunfire and the rasping of sword on sword. He leaped from his bed with his weapon hissing from its scabbard.

There he is! Take him alive . . . by order of the all-highest!



Black treachery!

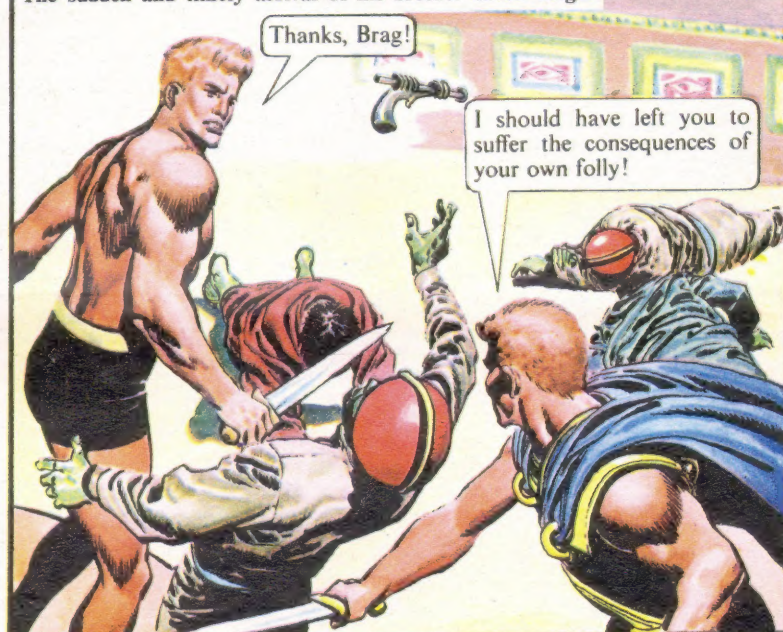
Trigo was famed throughout Elekton for his sword play. The treacherous Lokans fared badly in the scuffle that followed.



You will never take me alive, you curs!

Very well, then . . . dead!

The sudden and timely arrival of his brother saved Trigo.



Thanks, Brag!

I should have left you to suffer the consequences of your own folly!

All is lost. They have overpowered the guards. By now, the city will be in their hands!

Then all that remains is for us to die fighting. Come brother!



But simple, devoted Brag had other ideas. The flat of his sword blade brought his brother crashing—to the floor!

You will not die tonight, Trigo, not if I can help it!



Slinging Trigo across his back, Brag ran swiftly out of the palace and across the blazing city, to where the Trigan atmosphere craft stood ready for take-off.



You have made a grave mistake, my brother. But there is still hope for our people while you live!

Now the hopes of the great city rest upon Trigo and Brag—two men against a multitude!



Brag escapes from the stricken city—in an atmosphere craft he cannot fly!

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

The Moon Gallas is due to collide with the planet Elekton, and the Lokans have fled from their country to escape the disaster. Entering the city of Trigan they overpower the Trigans. But Trigo, the ruler, is rescued by his brother Brag.

As Brag wrenched open the hatchway of the nearest atmosphere craft, two Lokans rushed at him with weapons upswept to strike.



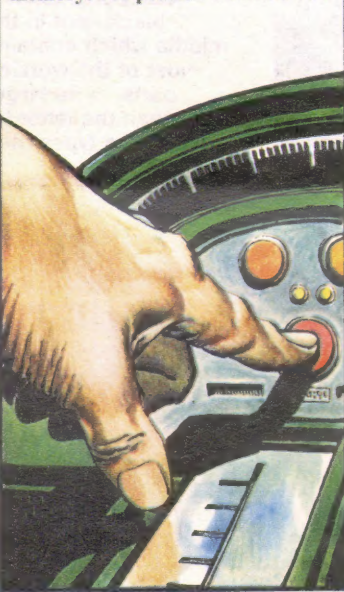
Big and slow-moving though he was, Brag could wield a sword like a streak of lightning.



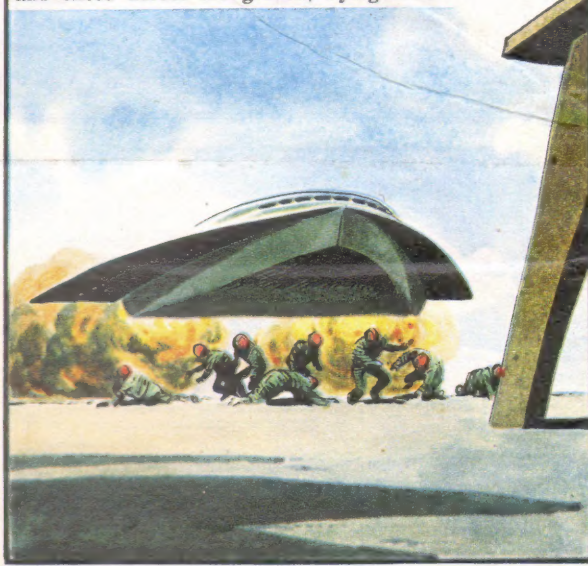
Throwing his unconscious brother into the craft, Brag leapt in after him. Then he stared in dismay at the baffling array of controls.



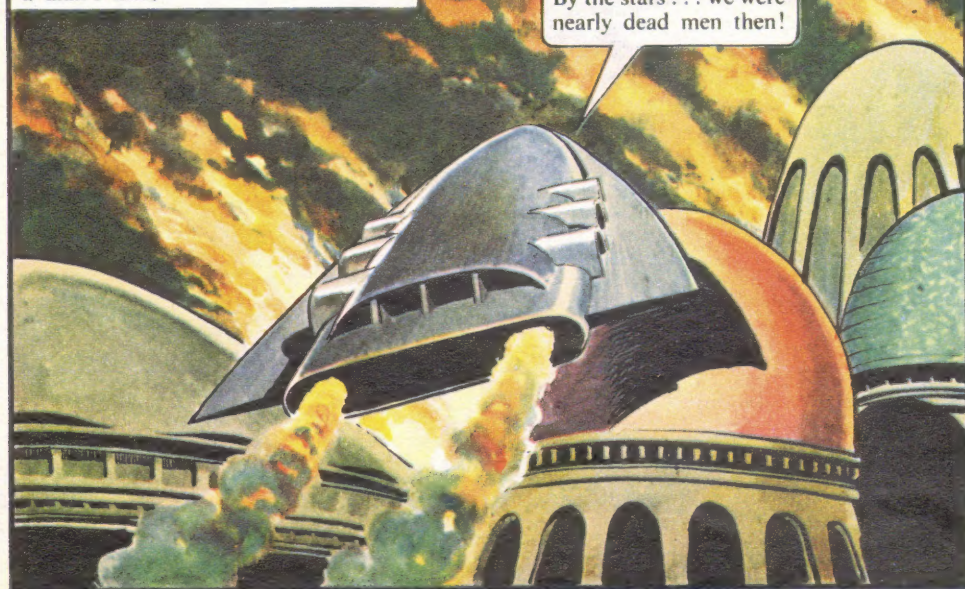
Something stirred in Brag's memory. He pressed a switch . . .



Next instant, a horde of oncoming Lokans were nearly decapitated by the atmosphere craft, as it rose into the air and sliced across the ground, flying low.



Blindly, Brag pulled at the control lever . . . and the craft cleared the dome of Trigo's fabulous palace by the length of a man's arm!



The treacherous King Zorth of Loka saw the departure of the craft, and bellowed with black fury.





Fortune favoured gallant Brag. He escaped the fire of his enemies . . . and was left with only one problem . . .



I am only a simple warrior. Oh, if only my son Janno were here to tell me what to do next!

Back in the city square, young Janno had problems of his own. Together with his friend Keren and the survivors of the palace guard, he was making a last stand against the assaulting Lokans.



No surrender, Keren! We fight to the end for the honour of Trigan!

To the end, Janno!

Then the voice of the fiendish King Zorth echoed across the square.



Lay down your weapons and surrender! If you continue fighting, I shall eliminate every man, woman and child in Trigan!

There was nothing else for it. Janno and the others threw aside their swords. King Zorth moved slowly down the line of prisoners, eyeing them triumphantly. And then his evil eyes fell upon Janno . . .



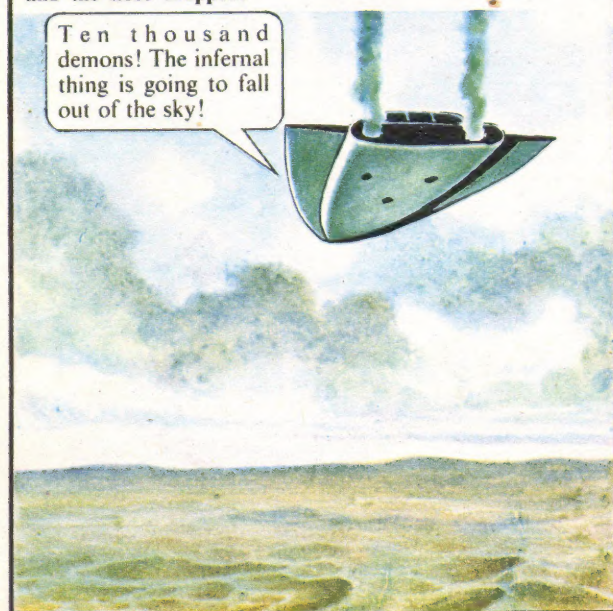
Ha! This is Trigo's nephew! By the stars, I'll make a fine example of you, young fellow!

Janno was seized.



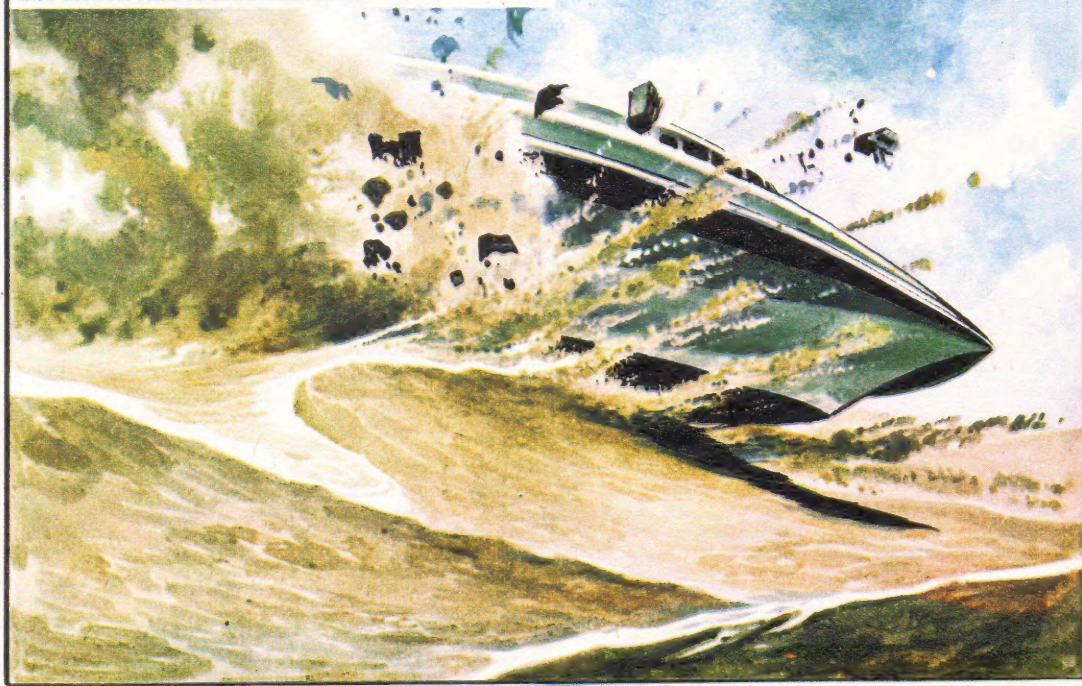
You shall not die swiftly, or easily, nephew of Trigo! Oh, no, I will make an example of you, so that the people of Trigan will know what it is to be ruled by Zorth of Loka! Take him away!

Meanwhile, high above the desert of Seres and far beyond the continent of Victris, Brag was striving manfully to control the runaway atmosphere craft. In an effort to turn the craft, he jerked a lever. Instantly, the hum of the engines fell silent, and the nose dropped!



Ten thousand demons! The infernal thing is going to fall out of the sky!

Exactly the space of ten breaths later, the craft ploughed into the soft sand of the Seres desert!



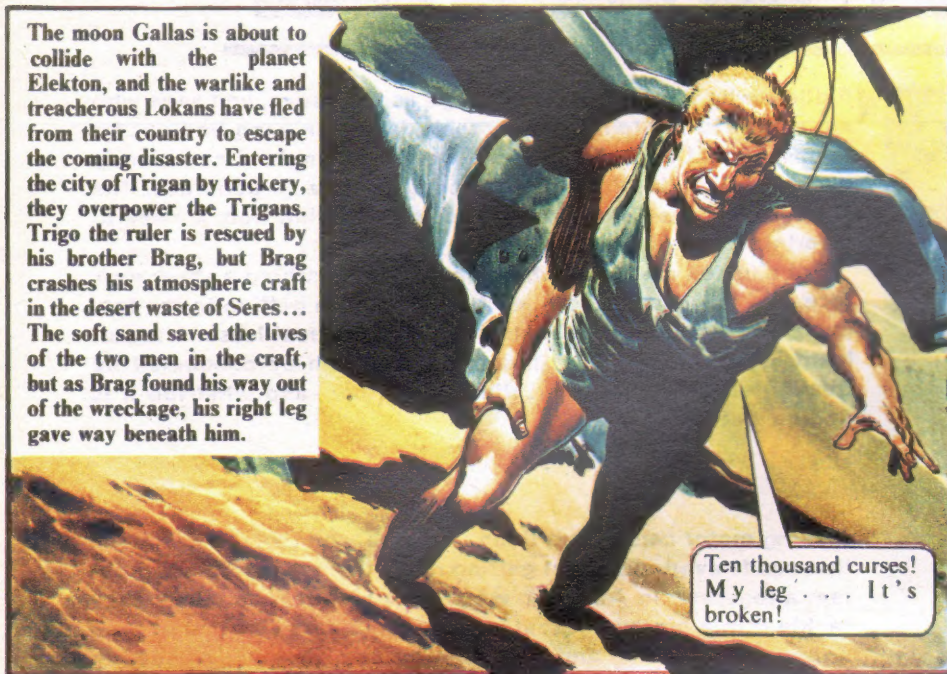
Alone in the cruellest territory on the planet . . . that is the fate of the once mighty lords of Trigan!



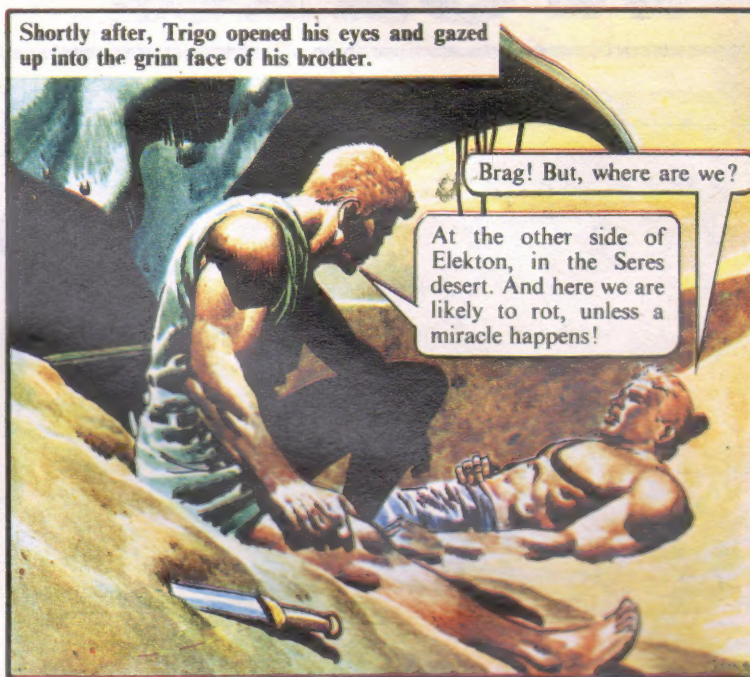
Alone in the most treacherous country of the planet Elekton—this is the fate of the mighty lords of Trigan!

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

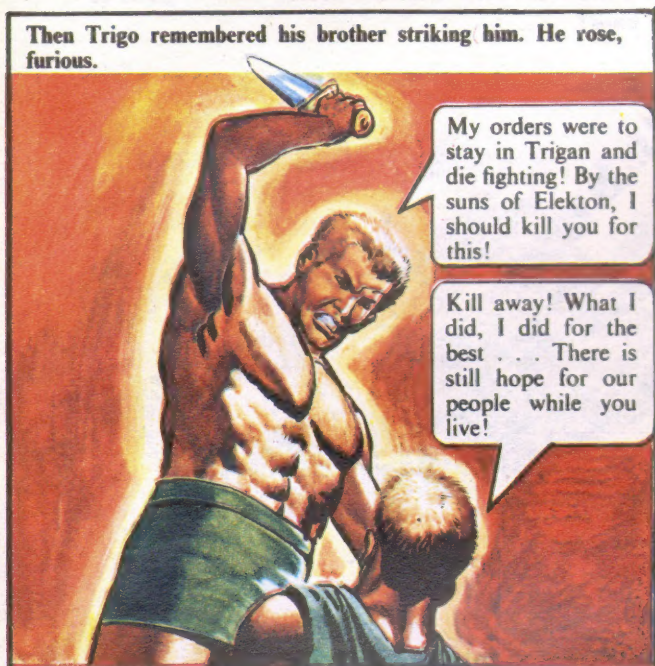
The moon Gallas is about to collide with the planet Elekton, and the warlike and treacherous Lokans have fled from their country to escape the coming disaster. Entering the city of Trigan by trickery, they overpower the Trigans. Trigo the ruler is rescued by his brother Brag, but Brag crashes his atmosphere craft in the desert waste of Seres... The soft sand saved the lives of the two men in the craft, but as Brag found his way out of the wreckage, his right leg gave way beneath him.



Shortly after, Trigo opened his eyes and gazed up into the grim face of his brother.



Then Trigo remembered his brother striking him. He rose, furious.



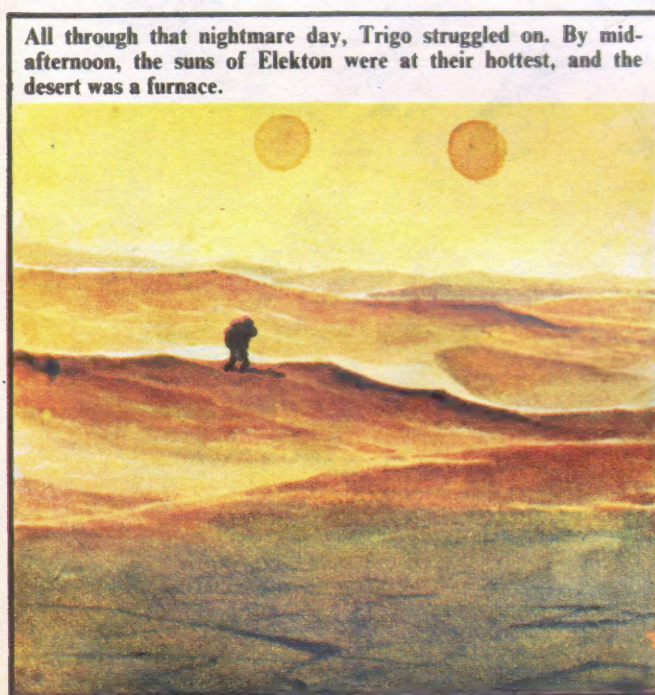
Trigo knew in his heart that faithful Brag spoke the truth. He lowered the sword, and looked towards the shimmering horizon of sun-baked sand.



Disregarding his brother's protests, Trigo hoisted him across his broad back and set off.



All through that nightmare day, Trigo struggled on. By mid-afternoon, the suns of Elekton were at their hottest, and the desert was a furnace.



In the evening they came to a water hole. And there they slaked their ravening thirsts.



But the water was... poisonous!

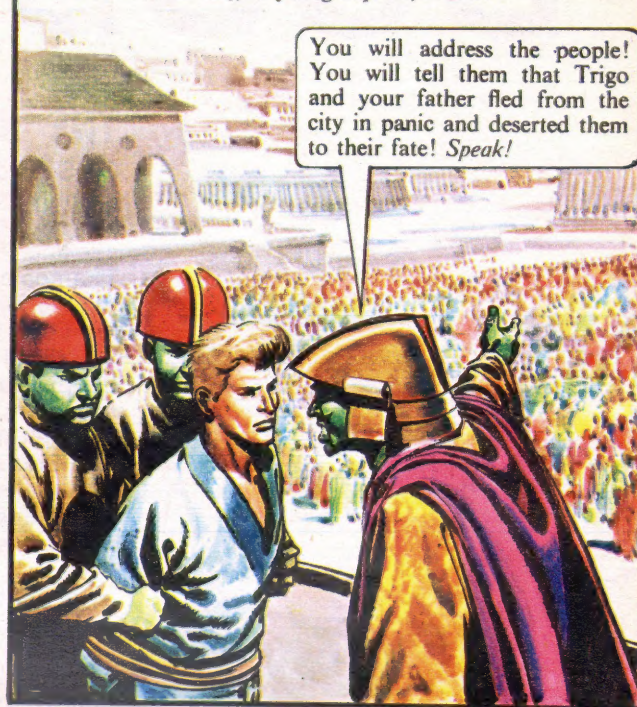




Meanwhile, back in Trigan, the victorious Lokans were herding the people of the city into the Great Square.



On a raised platform at the end of the square, King Zorth of Loka stood with Trigo's young nephew, Janno.



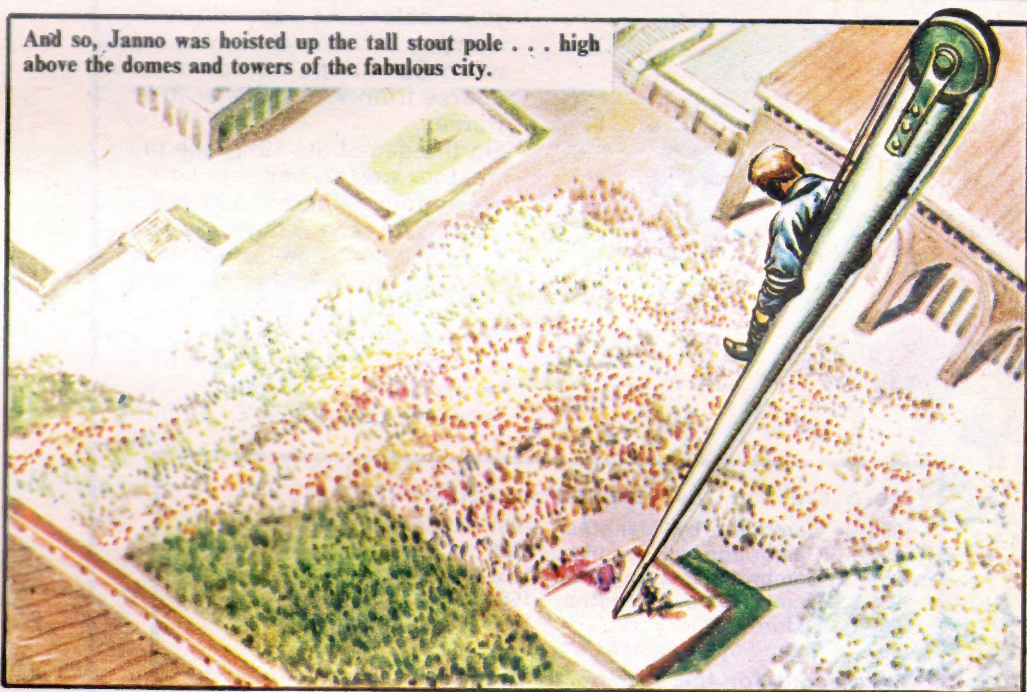
Janno's voice was defiant.

I will do no such thing!

We shall see about that!  
Hoist him up there!



And so, Janno was hoisted up the tall stout pole . . . high above the domes and towers of the fabulous city.



Instantly, a flock of Varks—the carrion birds of Elekton—began to circle around the helpless boy, screaming with savage anticipation.



Varks were cowardly creatures. But Janno knew one thing . . .



The moment I close my eyes in sleep or unconsciousness, they will strike!

It will be a cruel death for young Janno—unless he can stay awake for ever!



Trigo and Brag are captured by the desert warriors—who reserve a grim fate for their prisoners!

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

The Moon Gallas is due to collide with the planet Elekton and the warlike and treacherous Lokans have fled from their country and conquered the city of Trigan by trickery. Trigo, the ruler, and his brother, Brag, have met disaster in the far-off Seres Desert . . . and Trigo's nephew Janno is suffering cruelly at the hands of the Lokans. It seems that there is no hope for Trigan . . . Shortly before sunset, the air fleet of Loka descended upon the conquered city, setting the seal on Trigo's unhappy fate.



From the high pole, where the Lokans had hoisted him, young Janno saw the air fleet pass by, and he despaired.



What chance have our people got? If they attempt to revolt, the air fleet will pound them into the rubble!

Then the savage Varks began to circle him again, and Janno fought to keep his weary eyes open.



I must not fall asleep, or they will have me!

It was still noonday in the far-off Seres desert. And a host of desert warriors came thundering over the sand. Their leader pointed . . .



Strangers at the water hole!

The water hole was poisonous, and Trigo and Brag lay where they had fallen. The desert warriors roughly turned them over.



This one is scarcely breathing.

This one lives. We will take them both back to the citadel.

A fast gallop over the burning wastes brought them at length to a wondrous fortress-city on a craggy rock.



Hours later, Trigo raised his aching head in a dank, dark cell . . . as a rough voice snarled at him from the door.



On your feet, animal! Your time has come!



Chains were hammered about their wrists and ankles, and Trigo was driven through the streets of the strange city, carrying the still-unconscious Brag.



In the crowded market place, the two brothers were auctioned as slaves.



And they went to the highest bidder.

Sold to the slave master of our noble chief!



As slaves of the chief of the strange desert citadel, Trigo and Brag were branded with his mark.



This done, they were dragged to a massive wheel that lifted water from a well. And it was then that Brag rebelled!



The slave master had a simple—and grim—solution.



And so the two proud men began their life of slavery on the wheel . . .



So a life of slavery faces the lords of Trigan—with no one on the planet able to help them!

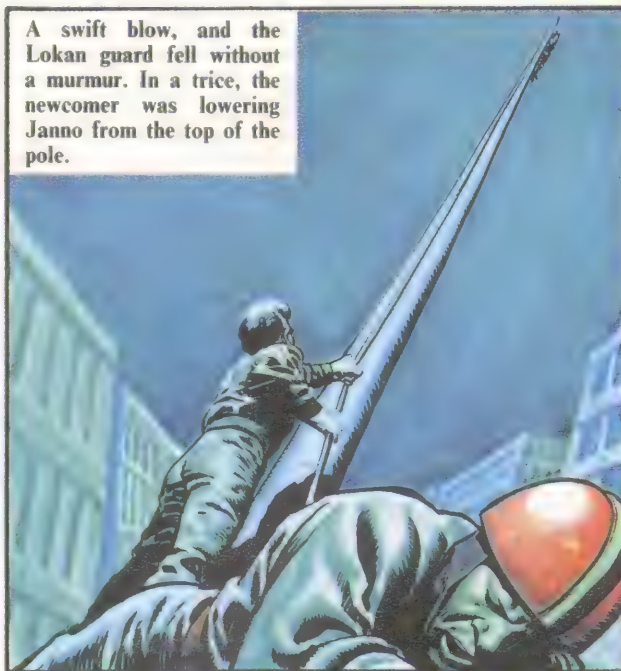


# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

The moon Gallas is due to collide with the planet Elekton in the country of Loka. The warlike Lokans have moved out and conquered Trigan by a trick. Trigo, the ruler of Trigan, and his brother, Brag, are slaves of the fierce desert warriors, and Trigo's nephew, Janno, has been cruelly hoisted to the top of a towering pole above the captured city . . . Things seem hopeless for the people of Trigan . . .



In the dark hours of the night, a shadowy figure flitted towards the base of the pole in the city square of Trigan.



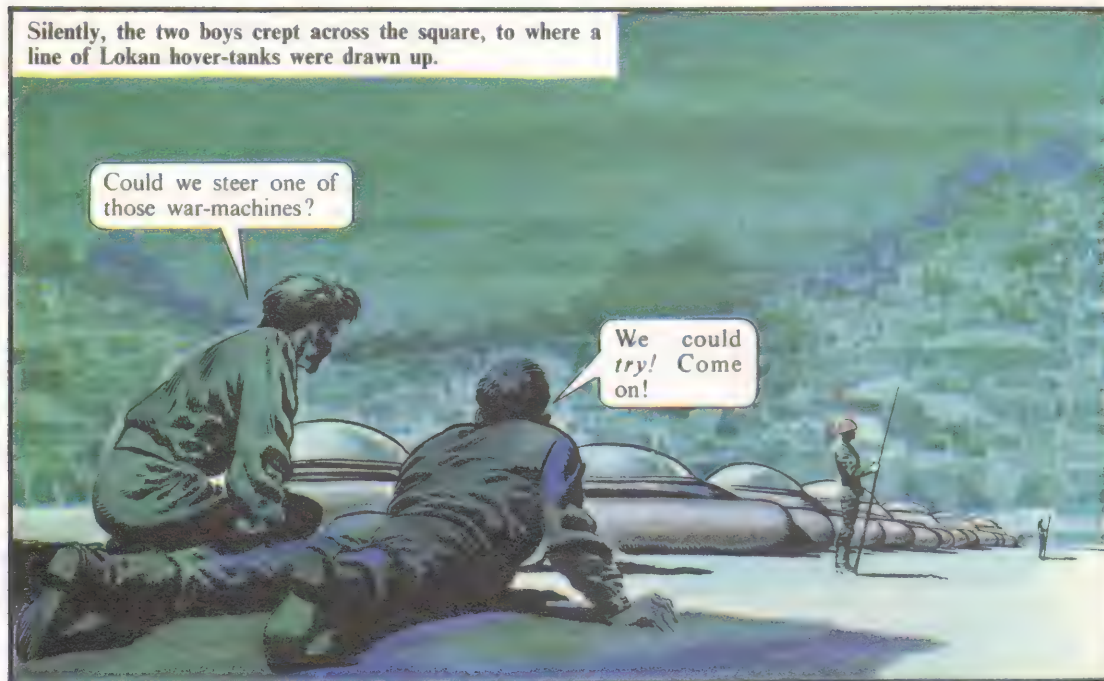
A swift blow, and the Lokan guard fell without a murmur. In a trice, the newcomer was lowering Janno from the top of the pole.



As Janno's feet touched the ground, a knife sliced through his bonds . . . and he turned to look into the face of his friend Keren.

Keren! You have risked your life to save me!

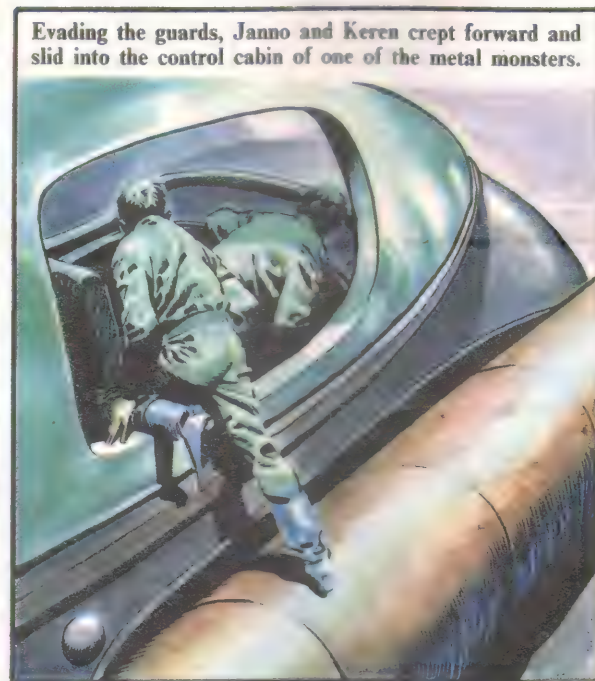
Save your praises and let's get away from here.



Silently, the two boys crept across the square, to where a line of Lokan hover-tanks were drawn up.

Could we steer one of those war-machines?

We could try! Come on!

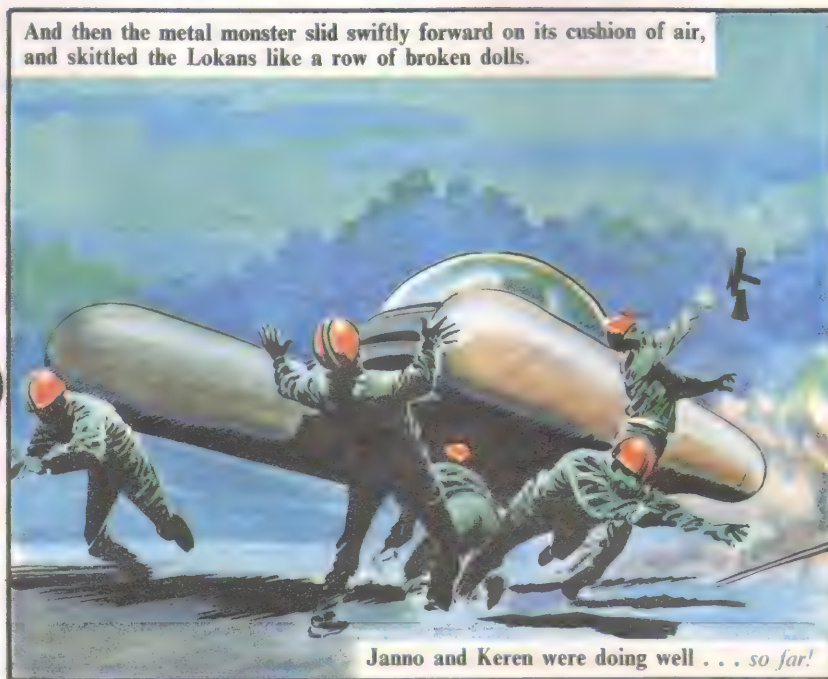


Evading the guards, Janno and Keren crept forward and slid into the control cabin of one of the metal monsters.



Soon after, the guards turned in alarm as, with a roar of rocket exhausts, the engines of the hover-tank screamed into life.

Aaagh! Who has started up that war-machine?

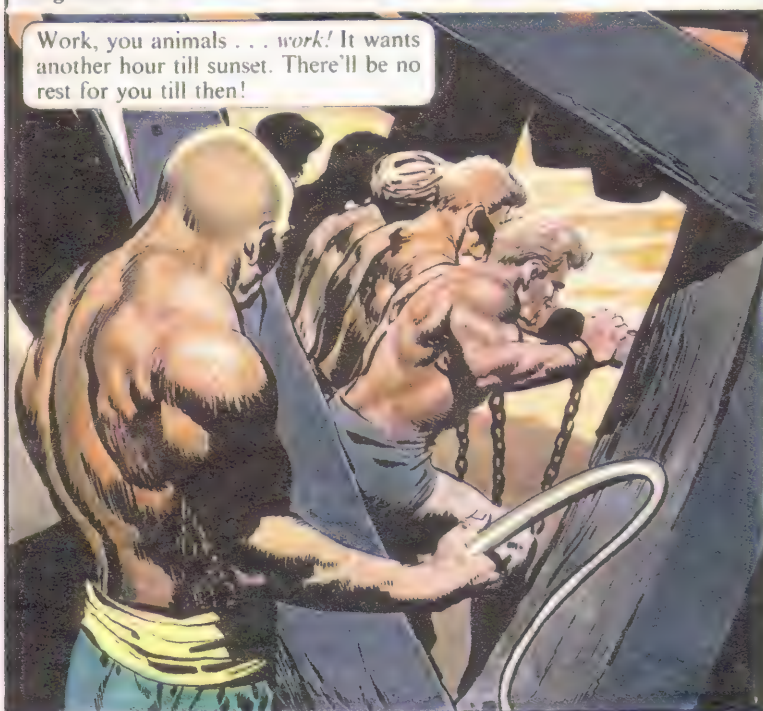


And then the metal monster slid swiftly forward on its cushion of air, and skittled the Lokans like a row of broken dolls.

Janno and Keren were doing well . . . so far!



Meanwhile, it was not yet dusk in the far-off Seres Desert—where Trigo and Brag laboured as slaves in the citadel of the desert chief.



Work, you animals . . . work! It wants another hour till sunset. There'll be no rest for you till then!

When the suns of Elekton had dipped below the horizon, their torment ceased. The other wretched slaves slept where they fell . . . but Trigo and Brag had much to talk about.



We must escape . . .

Hush! What's going on . . . over there?

Disregarding the slaves in the wheel—whom he thought to be sleeping with sheer fatigue—the slave master was deep in conversation with two warriors.



It is settled then . . . at dawn I open the gates of the citadel!

. . . and our men will swarm in and take the citadel with fire and sword!

Trigo and Brag heard every word . . .



And when the chief is slain, I shall be chief in his place? That was our bargain!

Agreed! All we ask for is the loot of the citadel!

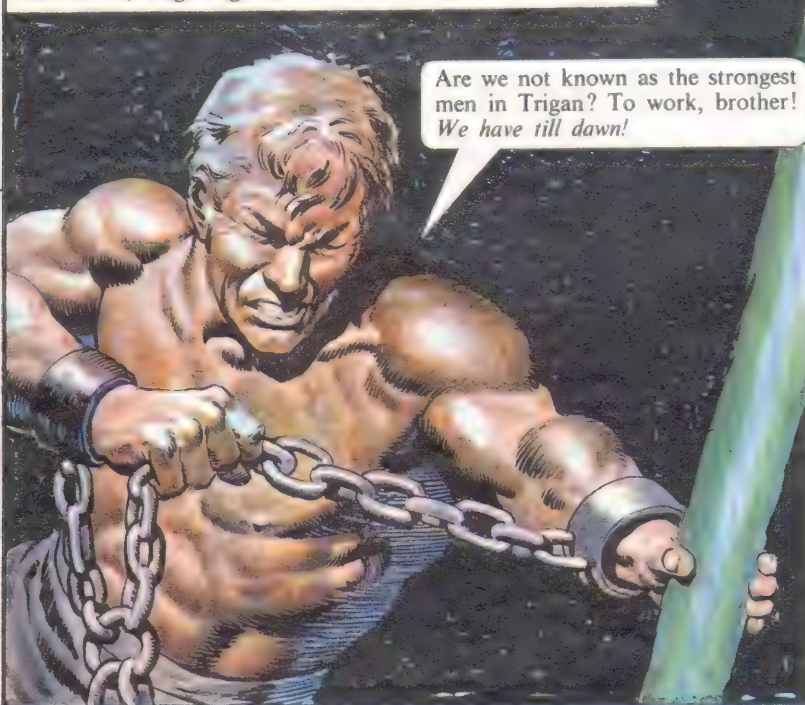
The conspirators faded away into the shadows, and Trigo hissed to his brother.

The citadel is to be attacked at dawn! Then that will be our chance to slip away while the place is in a turmoil of battle!

Aye! But you have overlooked the small matter of the chains that fetter us!



For answer, Trigo began to wrench at the fetters on his wrist.



Are we not known as the strongest men in Trigan? To work, brother! We have till dawn!

It still wanted an hour till dawn when Trigo finally freed himself, and swung out of the grim wheel . . . where he was instantly challenged!



A slave has escaped . . . at him!

It's no use, Trigo. I can't get away. Leave me and save yourself!

Trigo's desperate plan is already doomed. What will happen to the brothers now?



Death to Trigo . . . in the pit of deadly serpents from which there is no escape!

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

The moon Gallas is due to collide with the planet Elekton. In the country of Loka, the warlike Lokans have abandoned their country and conquered Trigan by treachery. Trigo, ruler of Trigan, and his brother Brag are slaves in the desert citadel of Seres . . . And Trigo makes an unsuccessful attempt to escape . . .

Trigo stood his ground, and tensed himself for action as the slave master swung his sword.



The keen edge never connected. The slave master's arm was taken in a mighty grip, and he was hurled into the faces of his companions!



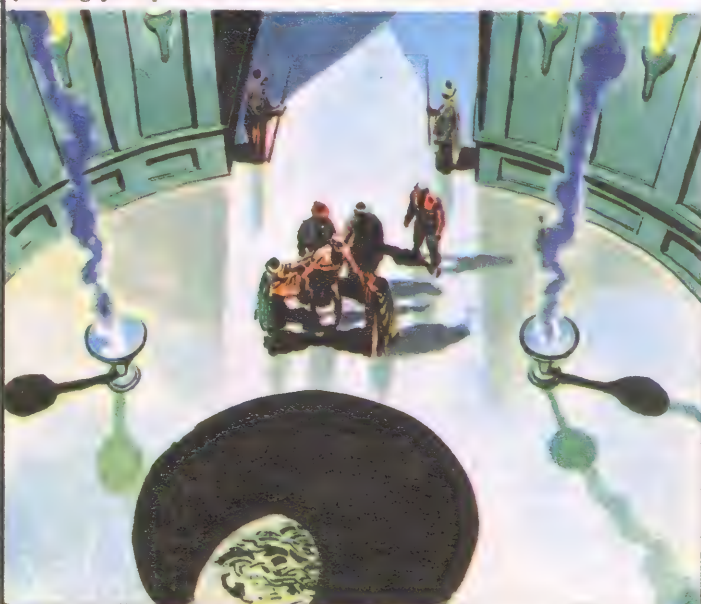
The others closed in. Trigo fought mightily with his bare hands, but the odds were hopeless. He was borne—still battling—to the ground.



Then he was dragged to his feet—dazed and bruised—to face the fury of the slave master.

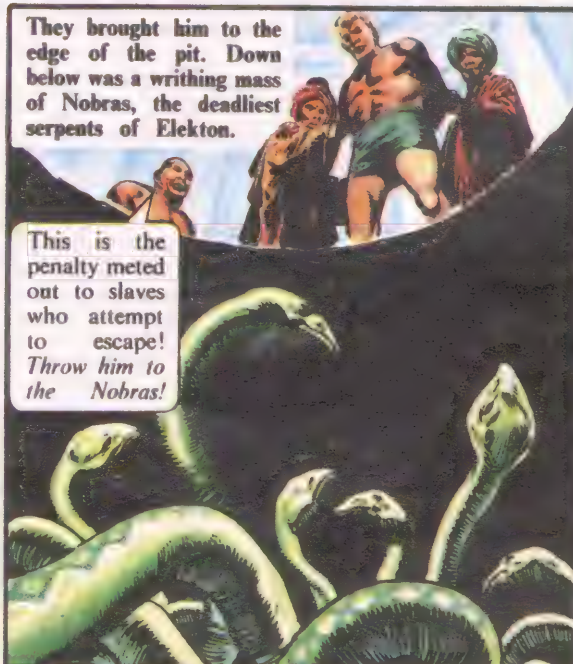


Trigo was dragged to the great hall of the desert citadel, where a yawning pit lay in the centre of the vast floor.



They brought him to the edge of the pit. Down below was a writhing mass of Nobras, the deadliest serpents of Elekton.

This is the penalty meted out to slaves who attempt to escape! Throw him to the Nobras!



And then . . . A commanding voice!



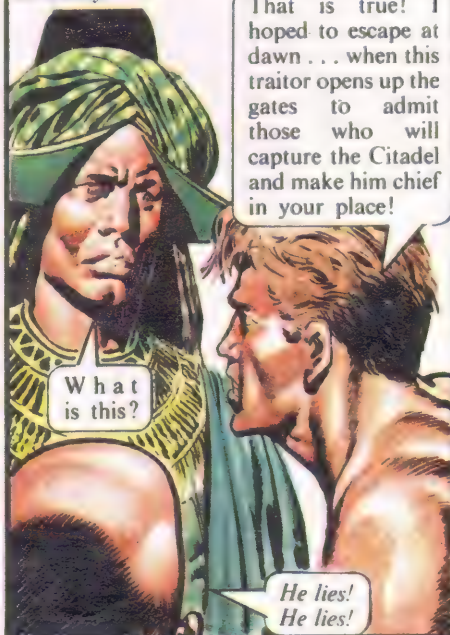


Fawningly, the slave master knelt before the richly-dressed young man.



O my chief, this animal of a slave attempted to escape, treacherously attacking me while my back was turned. He richly deserves to die!

Trigo realised that only desperate measures could save him. He faced the young chief fearlessly.



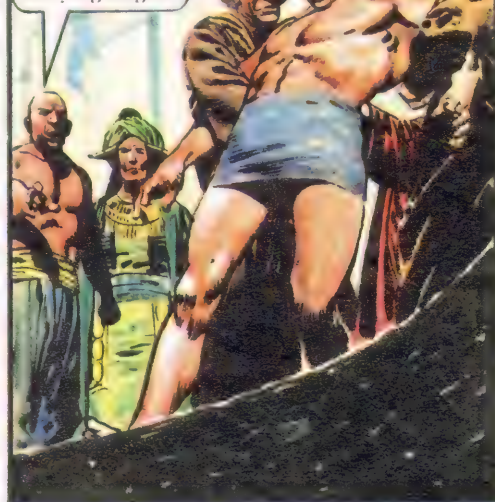
What is this?

That is true! I hoped to escape at dawn . . . when this traitor opens up the gates to admit those who will capture the Citadel and make him chief in your place!

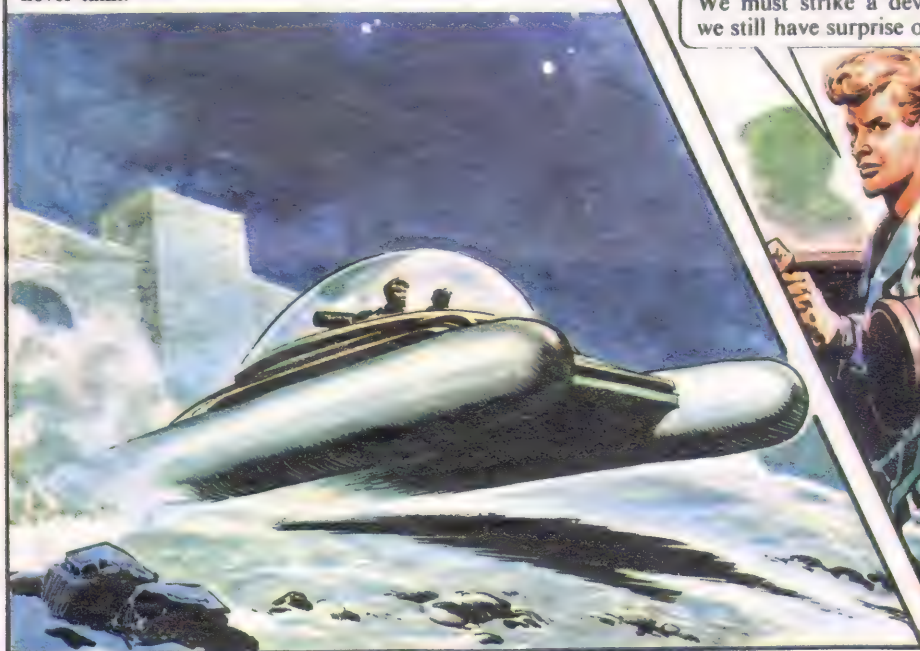
He lies! He lies!

Hastily, the traitor's henchmen dragged Trigo again to the edge of the deadly pit.

Hurl him into the pit! Let the Nobras silence his lying tongue!



Meanwhile, back in Trigan, Trigo's nephew Janno and his friend Keren were escaping from the city in a captured hover-tank.



Huddled over the unfamiliar controls, the two boys peered about them for signs of the enemy . . .

We must strike a devastating blow while we still have surprise on our side!



Janno! Over there! The Lokan atmosphere craft!

On the plain before the captured city stood the Lokan air fleet. As the hover-tank turned towards it, a radio alarm was flashed from the city.



Alert! Alert! Alert! A war machine has been captured! Destroy it on sight!

As Janno steered the heavy machine for the fleet with the object of ploughing it into scrap metal, the guns of the atmosphere craft opened up on them.



Keep going, Janno! Keep going, no matter what!

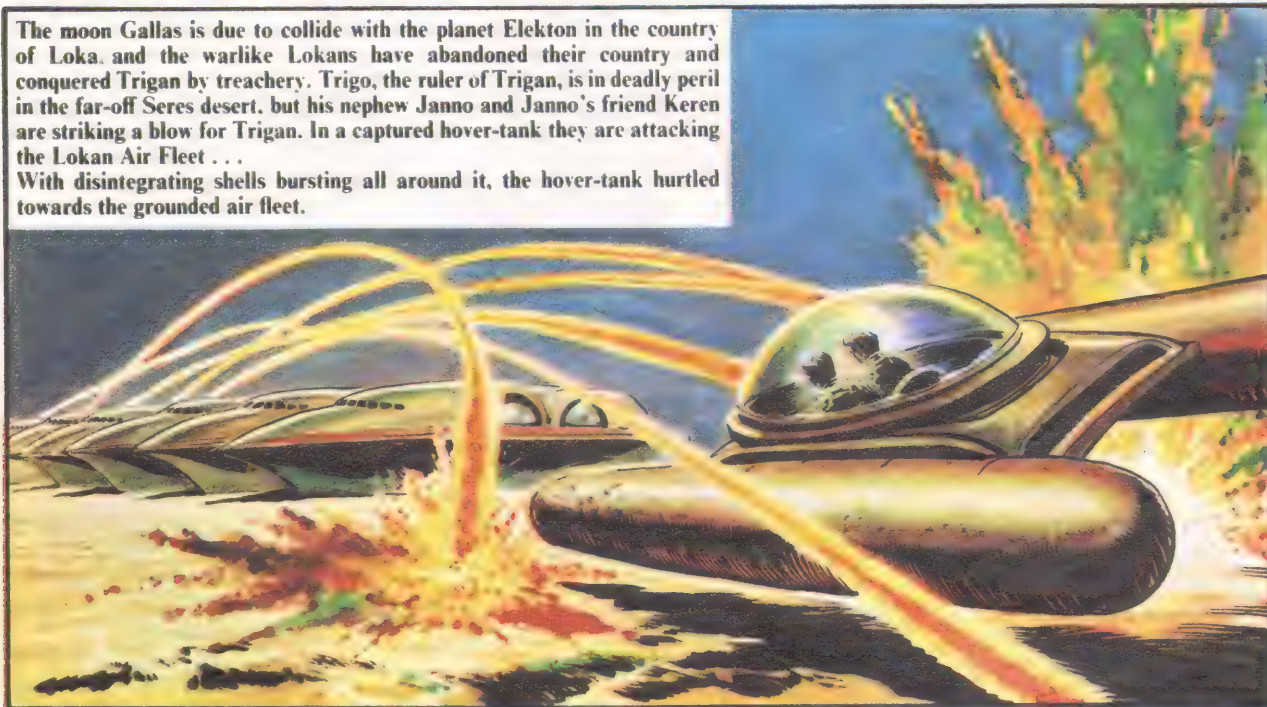
Can Janno escape the searing blasts of the Lokan war machines? Don't miss the next thrilling instalment of his adventures!



# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

The moon Gallas is due to collide with the planet Elekton in the country of Loka, and the warlike Lokans have abandoned their country and conquered Trigan by treachery. Trigo, the ruler of Trigan, is in deadly peril in the far-off Seres desert, but his nephew Janno and Janno's friend Keren are striking a blow for Trigan. In a captured hover-tank they are attacking the Lokan Air Fleet . . .

With disintegrating shells bursting all around it, the hover-tank hurtled towards the grounded air fleet.



An instant before impact, Janno called out to his friend.

Brace yourself for the crash, Keren!



The heavy war-machine burst through the slender hulls of the atmosphere craft and rent them asunder.



. . . And then went on its way, trailing a flaming tail!

We're on fire, Keren!

Keep going, Janno . . . Keep going!



Deep in the wilderness of the plain, Janno brought the hover-tank to a halt, and they leapt out. Behind them, the sky was red with flames.

So much for the Lokan Air Fleet! If we had a hundred armed men we could retake the city now!



But where could we get such a force of warriors? All our people are enslaved and we are leaderless!

If only my uncle Trigo were here!





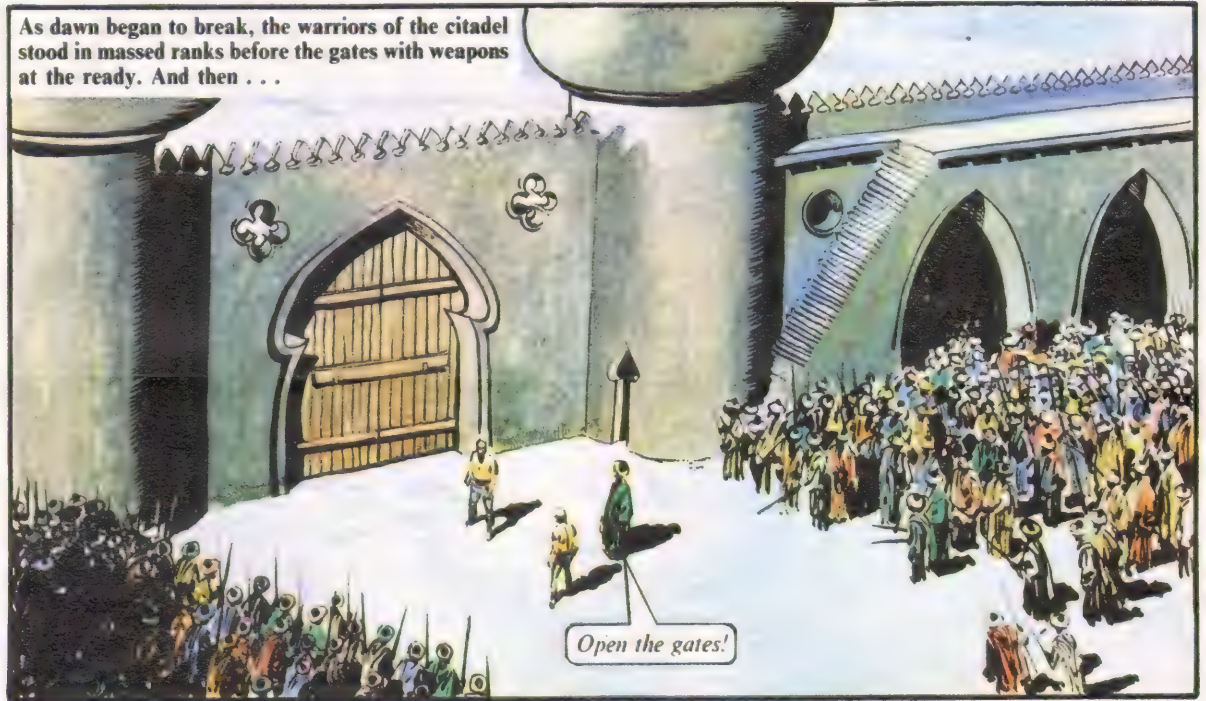
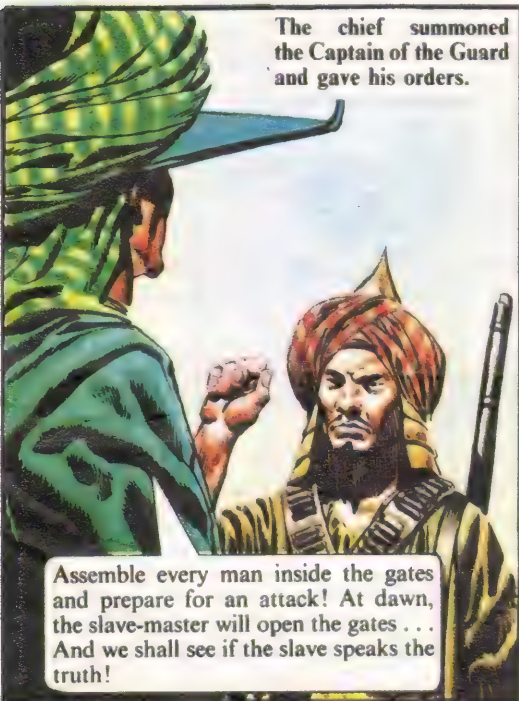
Far off, in the desert citadel, Trigo was in deadly peril. Just as he was about to be thrown into a pit of deadly serpents, the chief of the citadel snapped an order.



As Trigo faced the chief, fearlessly, the rascally slave-master began to bluster . . .



A gesture from the ruler silenced the slave-master. And Trigo told the story of treachery.



It seems that the treacherous slave-master has outwitted his ruler—and settled the fate of Trigo, too!

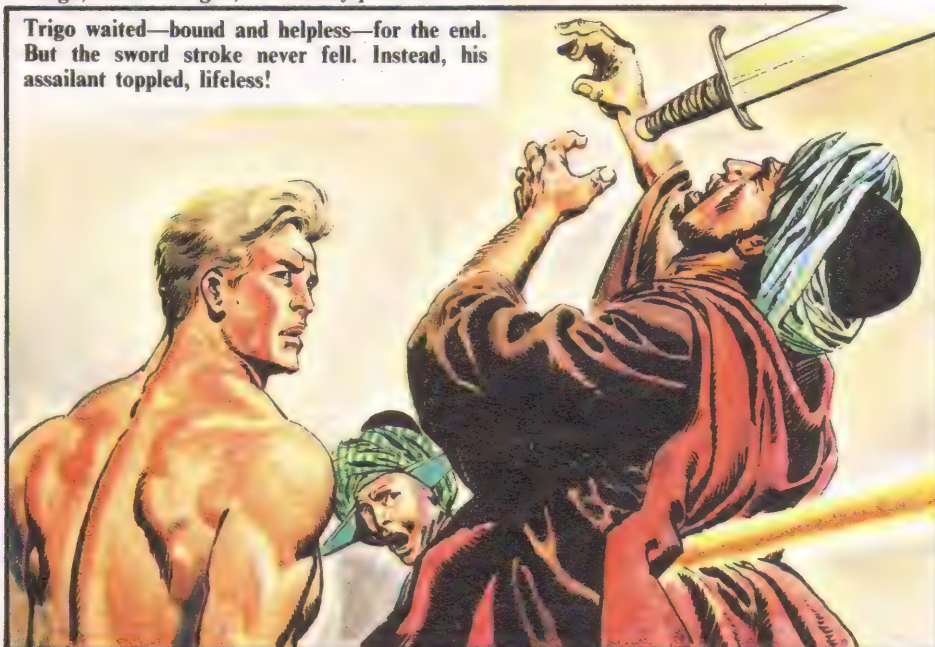


The rebels charge the desert Citadel—and Trigo is forced to fight for his life alongside his enemies!

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

The moon Gallas is due to collide with the planet Elekton in the country of Loka, and the warlike Lokans have abandoned their country and conquered Trigan by treachery. Trigo, ruler of Trigan, is in deadly peril in a Citadel in the far-off Seres Desert . . .

Trigo waited—bound and helpless—for the end. But the sword stroke never fell. Instead, his assailant toppled, lifeless!



Next instant, a host of armed warriors rose from the desert outside the gate . . . where they had been hiding under their sand-coloured cloaks!



In through the open gates charged the attackers, where they were met by a withering hail of fire from the defenders of the Citadel.



In the savage, hand-to-hand fighting that followed, the chief of the Citadel slashed through Trigo's bonds with his own blade.



Snatching up a fallen weapon, Trigo joined the battle. And it was he who led the last glorious charge that drove the beaten attackers out of the gates.





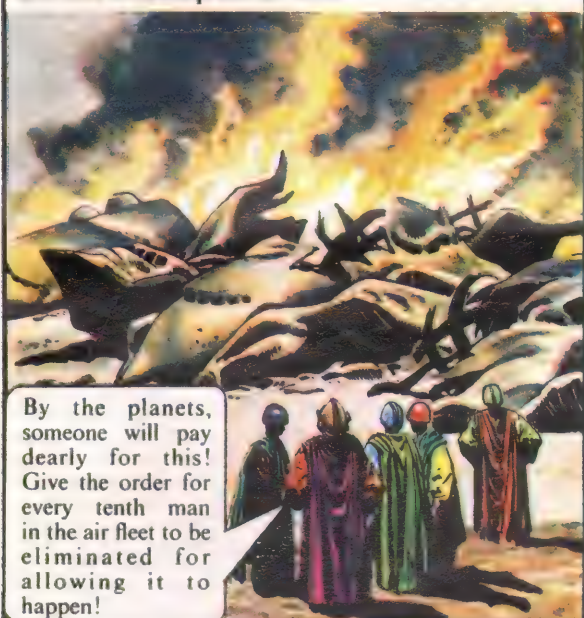
Soon it was all over. Panting, the chief lowered his sword and stared keenly at his strange "slave" . . .



Trigo drew himself up to his full height and replied proudly.



Meanwhile—at Trigan—the tyrant king Zorth of Loka was staring in fury at the tangled mass of wreckage that had once been his proud air fleet.



One of Zorth's officers found courage to speak.



And so, the hover-tanks of Loka tore out of the city to search for Trigo's nephew, Janno . . .



Far out on the plain, Janno and Keren were striving to repair their captured hover-tank damaged during the destruction of the air fleet. They heard the approaching engines . . .



Janno brought the engine to life and the hover-tank rose unsteadily into the air . . . as the enemy came in sight over the horizon.



The commander of the Lokan Force saw the fugitives . . .



There can be no escape now for Janno and Keren from the wrath of the furious tyrant of Loka!



Janno leads the Lokan hover-tank fleet into a daring trap—a trap from which there is no escape!

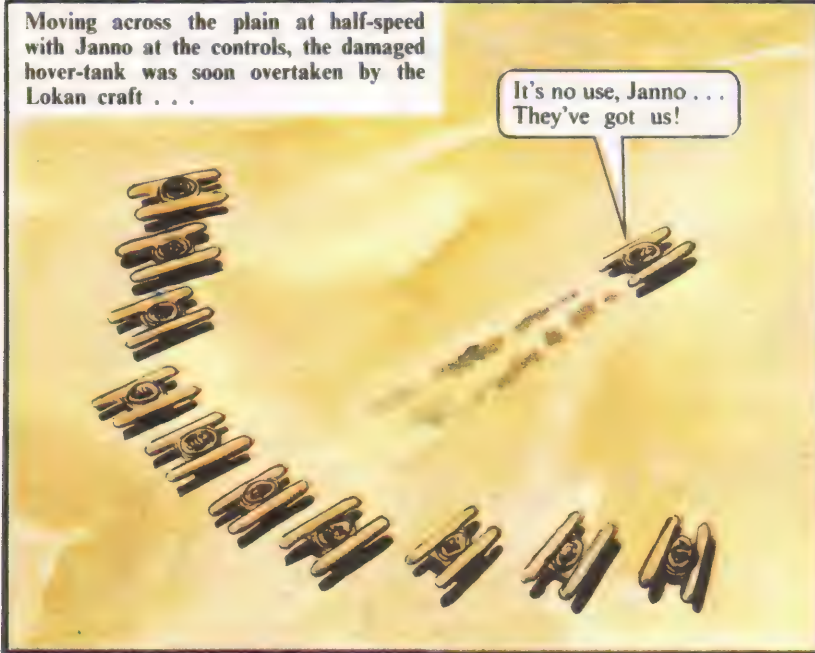
# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

The moon Gallas is about to collide with the planet Elekton in the country of Loka, and the warlike Lokans have abandoned their country and conquered Trigan by treachery.

Trigo—ruler of Trigan—is in the far-off Seres desert, while his nephew Janno is being pursued by Lokan hover-tanks . . .

Moving across the plain at half-speed with Janno at the controls, the damaged hover-tank was soon overtaken by the Lokan craft . . .

It's no use, Janno . . . They've got us!



Disregarding his comrade Keren's despairing remark, Janno gazed fixedly ahead, and suddenly his eyes widened.



Keren! The rock wall ahead! Do you see that cave mouth?

Janno . . . You wouldn't dare!

Rising out of the plain was a towering mountain, and directly ahead of them, the yawning mouth of a dark cave. Janno pointed the hover-craft straight for it.



I'm taking it in there . . . And if the Lokans dare to follow us, so much the better!

They burst from sunlight to gloom within the vast cavern . . . And their hurtling craft smashed itself sickeningly against a stalactite as old as time itself!



The savage, fearless Lokans followed their quarry into the unknown without hesitation. And disaster befell them. One by one, the war-machines of Loka were torn and riven asunder.

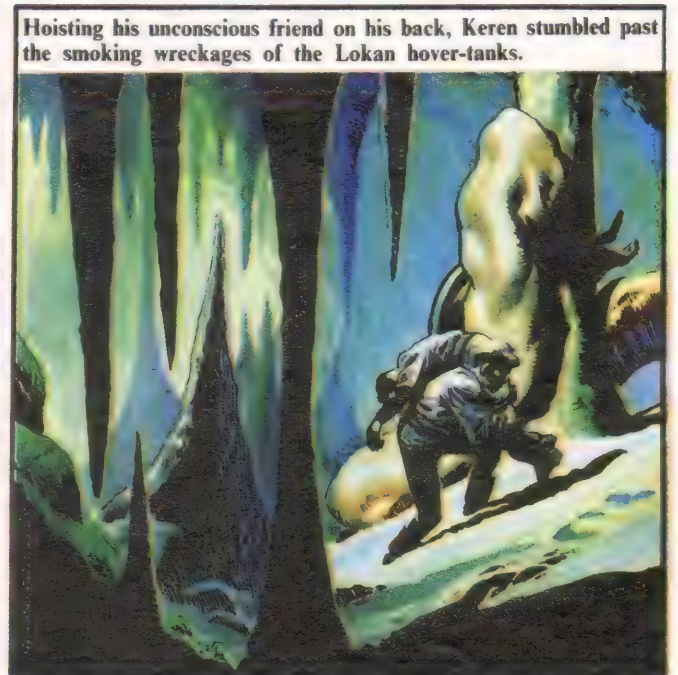


All was quiet, later, when Keren raised his aching head and sought for his comrade . . .

Janno . . .



Hoisting his unconscious friend on his back, Keren stumbled past the smoking wreckages of the Lokan hover-tanks.





And then . . .



Meanwhile, far away, in the Citadel that towered above the Seres desert, Trigo was accepting the grateful thanks of the chief of the Citadel.



You have saved us from attack and certain destruction, Trigo! Make your demands, nothing will be refused you!

Trigo glanced at his brother, Brag.



What is it to be, Brag? Fifty men, do you think?

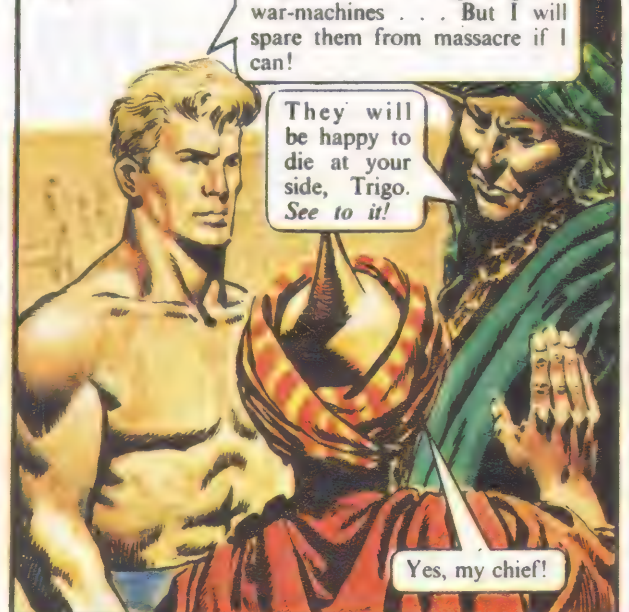
A hundred would be better . . . Armed to the teeth, and mounted!

. . . Then he turned to the chief.



Lend us a hundred men, armed and mounted, to ride to Trigan and give battle against the Lokans!

The chief kept his promise.



I will not hide the fact that they will have to fight against war-machines . . . But I will spare them from massacre if I can!

They will be happy to die at your side, Trigo. See to it!

Yes, my chief!

And so, that evening, Trigo and Brag rode out from the Citadel at the head of a barbaric horde of desert warriors, for the long journey to Trigan.



On us . . . we few . . . hangs the fate of my people!



Can Trigo's hundred warriors recapture his famous city from the formidable army of the tyrant King of the Lokans?



Janno and Keren meet the army of Trigo as it speeds across the desert wastes!

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

The moon Gallas is about to collide with the planet Elekton in the country of Loka, and the warlike Lokans have abandoned their country and conquered Trigan by treachery. Janno, the nephew of Trigo's ruler Trigo, is in deadly peril in an ancient cave. He and his comrade Keren are threatened by a hideous monster . . .

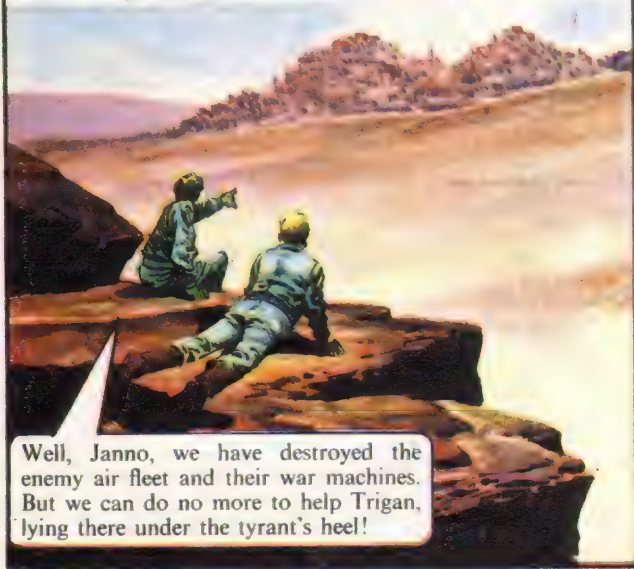
As the giant centipede arched its vast length to strike, Keren's hand scrabbled desperately for a pistol that had fallen from a wounded Lokan.



He pressed the trigger . . . And the monster was instantly bathed in the lurid light of the disintegrator bullet.



Some hours later, Janno recovered consciousness in the sunlight. And Keren was pointing across the plain to the distant city of Trigan.



Janno's eyes clouded with despair.



If only my uncle Trigo were here . . . He would think of some way to drive out the Lokans!

For the next 40 days the two boys lived on the mountainside, hunting for their food and hiding from Lokan patrols. On the 41st day, Janno's excited cries brought his friend running.



Keren! Come quickly! Look!

What is it?

Janno and Keren rushed to meet them, and when Keren had explained what had happened, Trigo drew his gleaming blade.



They came out of the vastness of the empty plain . . . A hundred mounted desert warriors in all their barbaric splendour, with Trigo and his brother Brag at their head!



Their air fleet is destroyed, Uncle, and all their war machines!

Then it will be cold steel and muscle that will free the city of Trigan! Are you ready, my warriors!



An hour later, a breathless captain of King Zorth's guard burst into the presence of the tyrant of Loka.

What? . . . You dare to interrupt my feast? . . . You will be eliminated for this, animal!

All highest! Trigo is approaching the city at the head of a hundred desert warriors!



King Zorth rose in towering fury.

By all the planets! Summon my cavalry! Zorth of Loka himself will lead them to battle!



On the plain before his beloved city, Trigo wheeled his warriors into line and charged the enemy . . .

For Trigan . . . and freedom!



And King Zorth's cavalry surged forward to meet shock with shock.

Death to Trigo!



Trigo's mount was killed under him . . . And Trigo's last hope fell heavily to the ground.

AAAAGH!



He rolled over . . . In time to see the yelling face of a Loka warrior behind the gleaming point of his oncoming lance!

YAAAAAAAAGH!



The fight is Trigo's last chance of regaining his famous city—and in a split second he will die!

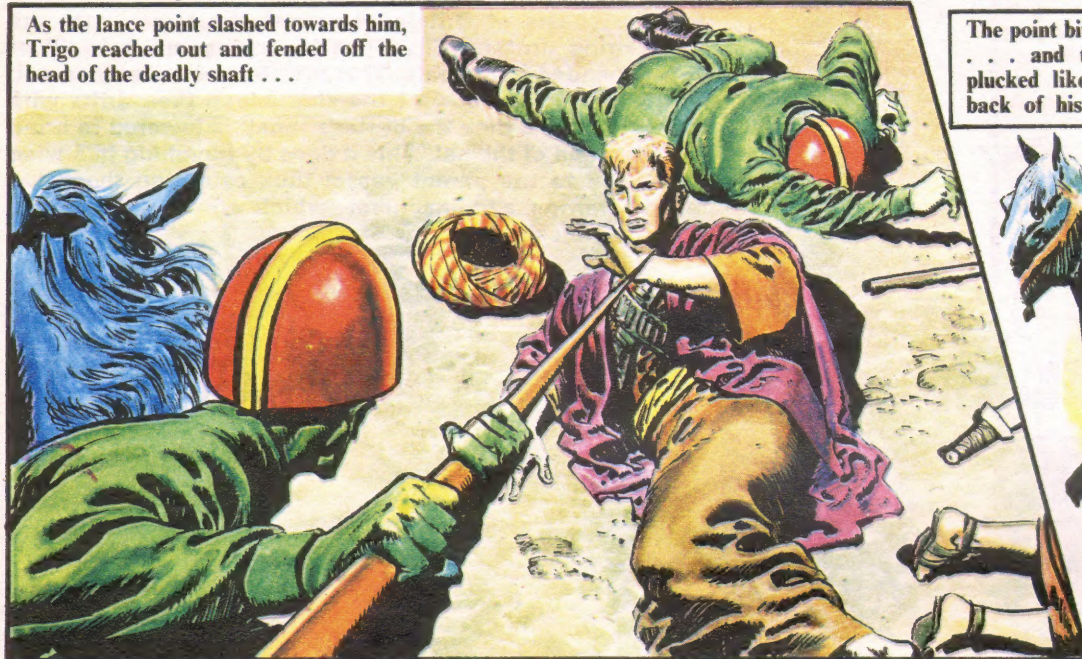


Throughout the city the great battle for the re-conquest of Trigan rages!

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

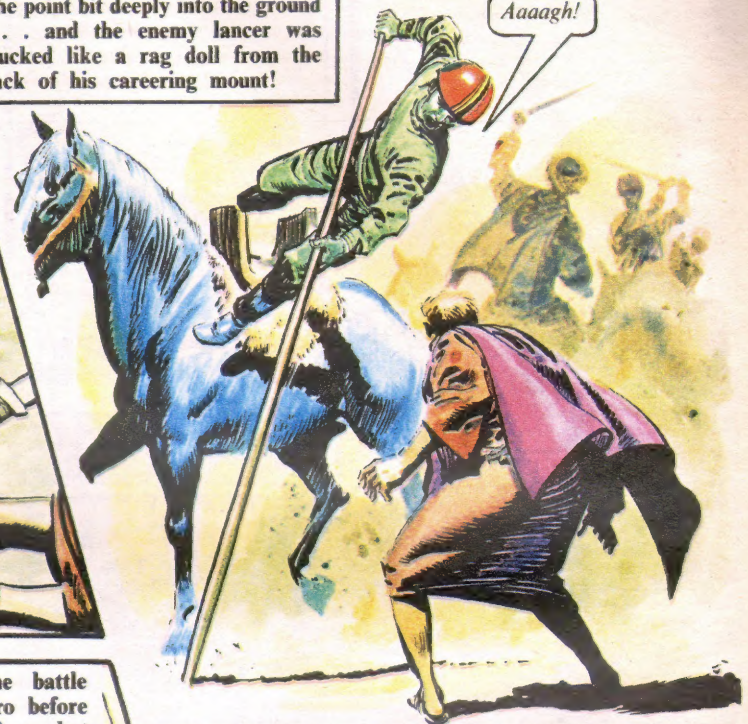
The moon Gallas is due to collide with the planet Elekton in the country of Loka, and the warlike Lokans have abandoned their country and conquered Trigan by treachery. But Trigo—ruler of Trigan—has returned at the head of an army of desert warriors to recapture his city. In the battle before the city, Trigo is in deadly peril . . .

As the lance point slashed towards him, Trigo reached out and fended off the head of the deadly shaft . . .



The point bit deeply into the ground . . . and the enemy lancer was plucked like a rag doll from the back of his careering mount!

Aaaagh!



In a trice Trigo vaulted into the empty saddle and shouted encouragement to his followers.



One more charge . . . for Trigan . . . and the day is won!

The tide of the battle surged to and fro before the gates of Trigan, but finally the Lokans broke . . . and ran!



Trigo's voice rang out above the confusion. He called to his brother Brag . . .

Where is Zorth? He must be taken alive!

Zorth won't escape us, never fear!



But the tyrant King Zorth of Loka was already making good his escape. As soon as he saw the battle was lost, he made his way to his personal atmosphere craft—the sole surviving craft of his destroyed fleet.



Curse Trigo! He'll never put chains on Zorth of Loka!

Shortly after, Brag pointed to the craft as it climbed over the ruined city.

There goes Zorth, for certain!

By the planets, it has to be him!

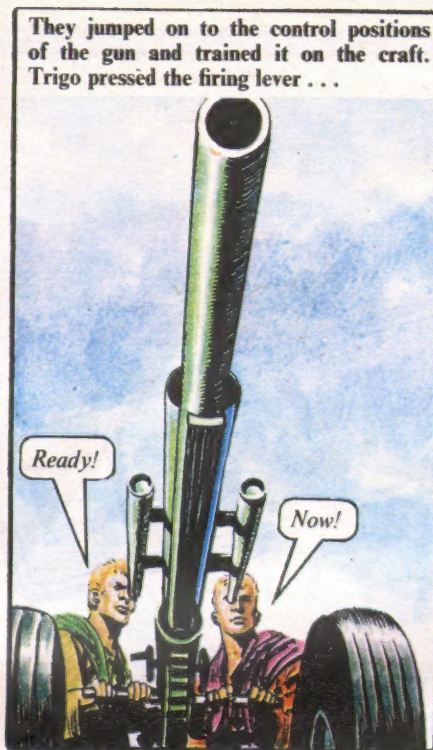






Side by side, the two brothers raced towards an abandoned Loka gun . . .

Quickly! We have one chance!



Ready!

Now!

They jumped on to the control positions of the gun and trained it on the craft. Trigo pressed the firing lever . . .



Watchers saw the tongue of disintegrating flame strike the craft and pluck it down from the sky like a broken bird.



Later they lifted the still form of the tyrant from the wreckage.

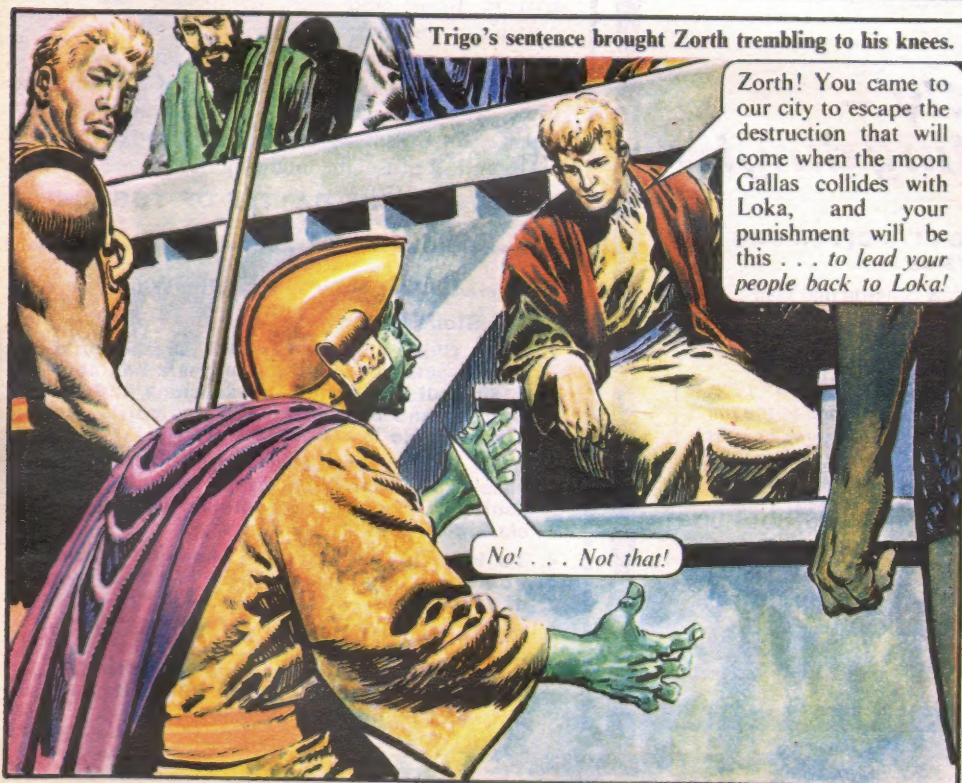
He still lives, Lord Trigo!

Then he will live to face the stern justice of Trigan!



Some days later, in the ruined senate house of the city, the elders of Trigan sat in judgement on their former conqueror.

We find Zorth and the people of Loka guilty of massacre and black treachery, and ask Lord Trigo to pronounce sentence upon them!

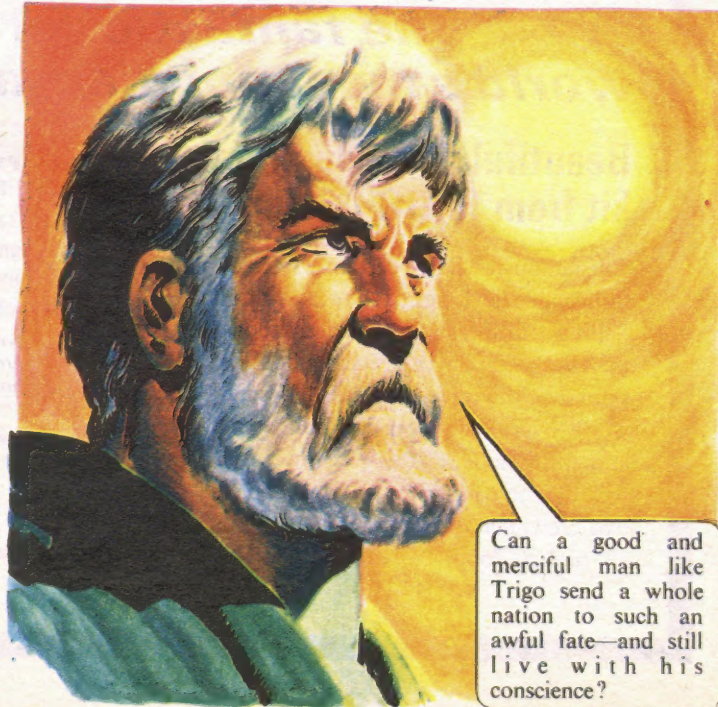


Trigo's sentence brought Zorth trembling to his knees.

Zorth! You came to our city to escape the destruction that will come when the moon Gallas collides with Loka, and your punishment will be this . . . to lead your people back to Loka!

No! . . . Not that!

Wise old Peric was among those present. He looked up at Gallas which was now an approaching fireball in the sky . . .



Can a good and merciful man like Trigo send a whole nation to such an awful fate—and still live with his conscience?

Trigo's sentence is indeed harsh. Must the multitudes of Loka suffer for the tyranny of their evil king?

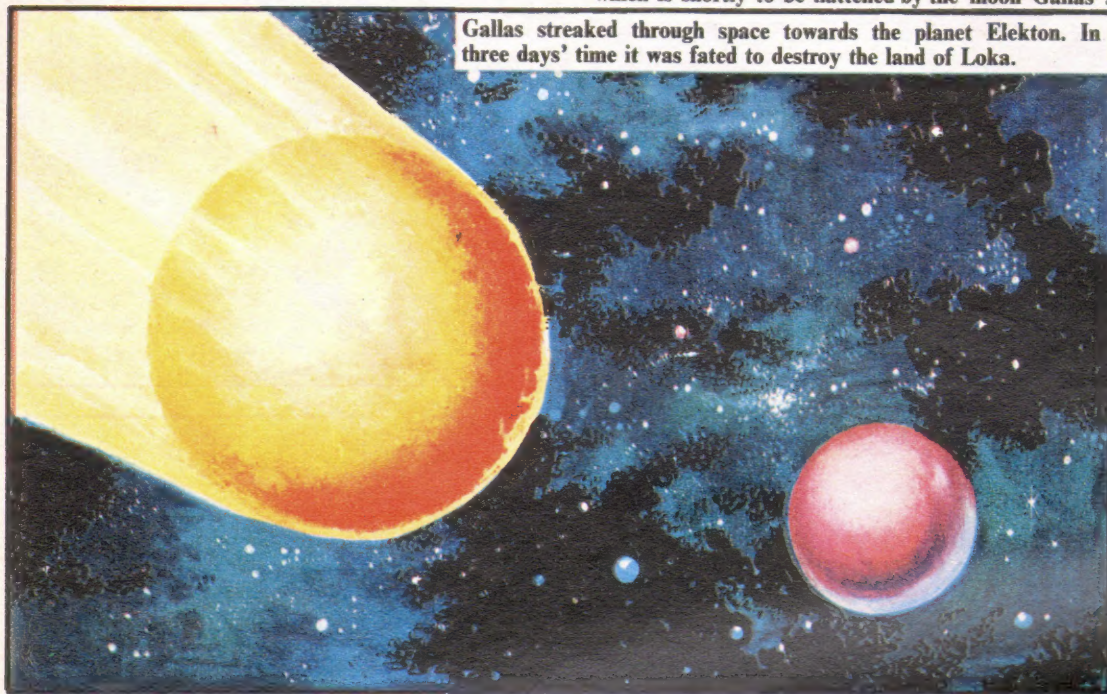


The people of Loka take their revenge on the cruel tyrant who has ruled them for so long !

# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Trigo, the ruler of Trigan, has overpowered the tyrant King Zorth and his Lokans and condemned them to return to their own land . . . which is shortly to be flattened by the moon Gallas . . .

Gallas streaked through space towards the planet Elekton. In three days' time it was fated to destroy the land of Loka.



Out of the city of Trigan streamed the multitude of defeated Lokans, on their way back to their own land . . . and oblivion.



At their head stumbled the tyrant King Zorth. And to his terrified ears came the yells and curses of the people he had brought to destruction.



Because of that animal we shall all perish!

He deserves a worse fate than to be crushed by Gallas!

Trigo and his brother Brag watched grimly from the battlements of the city.

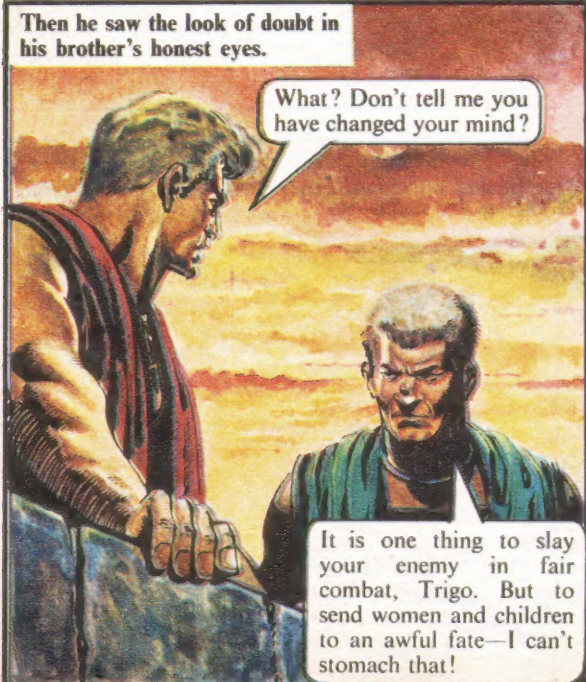
You were right, Brag! The only good Lokans are dead Lokans!



Then he saw the look of doubt in his brother's honest eyes.

What? Don't tell me you have changed your mind?

It is one thing to slay your enemy in fair combat, Trigo. But to send women and children to an awful fate—I can't stomach that!



All that night Trigo paced the ramparts in an agony of mind . . .



The Lokans conquered this city by treachery and massacred many of my people. Do they deserve any mercy?

At dawn, he came to his final decision.

Captain! Send out messengers and recall the Lokans! They may return to the safety of Trigan!

Yes, lord Trigo!





